

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THINGS TO THINK OF. IDOLISM--INFIDELITY.

Of Infidelity there are many phases, and society as well as individuals are too apt to apply the epithet to all those who differ from them in their particular phase of religious belief. For freedom in religious belief is, however liberal in political things, a thing not to be thought of. For well the church knows that freedom in faith would liberate the world from the curse of conventional formality. All other dominant religions as well as the Christian, the Brahmin, the Mahomedan, &c., are pleased to bandy that pretty epithet infidel, and charge each other, because differing in particular views, for even in these creeds there are divisions and subdivisions, with Infidelity or heresy. History has shown us a black page when relating the course pursued by the Catholic church. What seas of blood have flowed upon the arbitrary dicta of the priesthood, often because of an unimportant deviation. It is not sufficient for men to worship God after their own fashions, and although any professed theory is founded on the gospels, it is insufficient, unless the belief is that propounded by the church. Small deviations have been termed heresies; great movements Infidelity, until when time has softened the asperity the severance caused, then the gentler phrase of heresy is applied. The sects of the Christian church although they bandy the phrase heretic among themselves, yet unite in one distinctive notion as to what Infidelity is, and this distinctive is adhered to unless when some great movement arises and shakes the old pedestal to the foundation. The Lutheran movement was such an one, Spiritualism is another. It is then, the whole of the divisions and sects unite in an universal cry, not of heresy but of Infidelity, even although the new phase of thought has its foundation in the New Testament. The theory, be it what it may, differs from the generally received notions of the church. That word the church, "dearie me," what a power it has; men who a moment before would fight like two cats coiled in a bag, for tenets unimportant to salvation, forget their animosities, because of the cry of danger to the church is raised, and although divided in opinion perhaps as far as the North and South, yet they call themselves of the church, cloaking their pride under the modest denomination dissent. Distinctions on the cry being raised are for the time forgotten, and all unite against that which threatens to topple down the cracked and nodding edifice become rotten through error and age. The purity of the tenets professed is nothing to the church goes, no matter what the evidences may be which can be adduced in support of the belief. This is nothing, the whole is to be condemned, crushed, the reproach of Infidel is then given, for this is a phrase which detests many from avowing particular opinions, however true they may believe they are, and all arts but examination and reason are tried, but still the Infidelity flourishes when based on reason. The course pursued against the Protestant religion by the Romish church would, if the power was possessed, be pursued by the whole of the so-called Christian church, Catholic, Protestant, Universal, Unitarian, Wesleyans, Jumpers, Shakers, Quakers, Baptists, and if I were to write all the sectarian names, I fear the whole sheet would not contain them. However, they all become working bees, when the new truth threatens the old hive. They unite in abuse, "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and Spiritualism is assailed; no pains are taken, no enquiries made. It spreads rapidly—truth usually does—that was enough—it is a delusion, and its votaries are by the charitably disposed of church men styled insane men, and yet Spiritualism is built upon the same foundation as every sect of the Christian church, not going to individual sects for particular things, but take the gospel as a broad foundation, and say, here upon this rock we found our faith, church if you will.

It must be admitted there are amongst us those who reject the Bible and its revelations, unless where in particular instances it can be shaped to suit particular views. But this accepting a part of the Bible and rejecting another part—without an attempt to reconcile the seeming impossibility—not applying the reasoning faculty to ascertain which is precept, which is fact, which is illustration, or which is allegory,—must strike every thinking mind as an anomaly. When Spiritualists reject the Bible, upon what evidence shall they rely? Upon the manifestations they are daily witnessing? It would appear that if these manifestations have any significance, surely those which must have resulted from the same power cannot be disregarded. It does not follow because they appear to be wrought with greater power that therefore they cannot be true, raising a ponderable body without visible means is as great an abruption of natural law as the falling of the walls of Jericho, or raising the dead, all equally unexplainable by any knowledge of natural law we possess. The sun and moon standing still, because not to be ex-

plained by any law human or divine, if we receive it as a figure of speech denoting the activity and energy of the Jewish soldiers upon the particular occasion, then reasonable. We may rely on reason and account for the natural impossibilities we encounter by calling on the aid of Spirits. We say they are the motive agent, and say so because many amongst us have had ocular demonstrations of their presence, and we receive their say so because supported by evidence. They give accurate descriptions of the forms they see, describing persons they have never consciously known, and telling the names they bore when inhabitants of the earth; and so we find the same things with the writing media, names of strangers to them are signed to communications. These are the simple things without going into extraordinary narratives, upon which we found our belief of the presence of the Spirits of departed friends; such evidence upon any other fact less pressing, and of a worldly nature, by the world would not for a moment be doubted, and yet, there are those amongst us who although they believe in the very phase of circumstance, yet reject the Bible revelations, because I feel bound to say, they do not reason on the premises. The minutest things occurring beyond that we conceive to be natural law, is quite as miraculous as the most stupendous narrative, quite as incomprehensible to our natural senses as any of the Bible miracles. If analogy is worth anything, then analogy is our guide in the elucidation of the mystery. We have facts continually occurring within our own periew, which can afford the link for the unravelment of the grand chain. But no, we get notions, choose to indulge in particular theories, build up from them systems, and then reject all, however important it may be, which does not exactly square with the view we have taken. And why is this so? because of that darling little idol self, through which all the angularities arise. That little self is the propounder and founder of all the errors and isms which have shaken the world, and that whether they have assumed a religious or political action, and so it must be so long as man permits his animal rather than his Spiritual function to have sway. And to our disgrace professing the pure object we say we have, this man rule, this idol worshipping has place with us; and unblushingly men stand on the conference platform and demand a reverence from their fellows because they happen to have seen more wonders than others, and assume because of this accidental circumstance, that they are on a higher plane of development, thus openly showing their preference for the darling little idol Self, whose altar is their own hearts rather than for the pure truth, humility, the characteristic of every real seeker for truth. If self adulation is all the Spirits can teach, it would appear reasonable that the sooner such teachings, judging by the effects too often produced, cease, the better it would be for their scholars, the better for the world, for it is only another phase, or perhaps the same phase of that beautiful little idol self, which in past ages has lighted the torches of persecution. If a medium happens to have rendered active the organs of constructiveness and ideality, and when under influence is enabled to draw, then are these drawings shown with the smirk of conceit, and yet these drawings though curious as being made by a person unlearned, bear but few of the characteristics of the true artist.—Some it has been our lot to see, and have heard much lauded too, but these laudations reminded us very forcibly how necessary would be Hamlet's advice to the players, presented under a different phase. The drawings to which I particularly allude, are done after that style termed (if I remember rightly), Poonah painting, but then, how short they fall of those produced by the merest mechanism. Art is a sublime thing, and never yet was acquired in its perfection at a single leap any more than was any other department of knowledge.—There may be innate powers in the mind which particular circumstances have called into being; but perfectness was never attained in any particular without study and a knowledge of the particular rules—the result of experience; this the media appear to have lost sight of, and the injudicious praise of their friends awakes the little idol which is ever ready for adulation. The poet has a natural genius, yet he never attains to excellence without a knowledge of the construction of language and the rules of grammar, however high may be his inspiration. And when wonders have been spoken of, what is the too often remark we hear? "If I were to tell what I know, I could tell greater things." If then persons know these things, and have a reverence for the cause and desire to promote it, why do they not tell their experience?—Because that little self thinks it gains an importance by the assumption of a knowledge not shared with its fellows. In reason, it must be an axiom that any departure from that we conceive to be a natural law is quite as expressive as the greatest wonder; and it then follows, the manifestations of facts are all of one degree, and therefore, one man so far as the simple facts are concerned, is on no higher plane than another. The question then presents itself, what is development, what is the higher plane? Shall not the answer be the application of these facts by the powers of reason? He who can reason then on the facts he knows has the greater elevation, the greater development; for if we do not reason, however stupendous may be the things presented to us, we still continue where we were. What greater manifestation is there than the mystery of creation, the sequences of existence; we know these things are, because they are the every day events of experience, and believe if we do not reason, such things are only because they are, and this is as true of the manifestations—

A manifestation narrated and witnessed by a truthful man is received as a fact, then the seer and hearer are on the same plane, the evidence is the same to each of them, the one knows because he has seen, the other knows because he believes the truth has been spoken, and yet, both may be deceived! Many wonders have been witnessed, and when one of the seers has narrated the fact in the presence of another of the seers, the other has been unable to recognize it as the same, because of added embellishments. This is not always so, but when it occurs, those who believe the narrative may be considered one step advanced, because another element has been called into action, they realize all the seer has seen, and evince credibility or credulity, and this is one of the steps of faith. That pure reality by which only can we arrive at any thing. Credulity is the receiving and believing a narrative without exercising the reason.—Faith the receiving and believing when the reason has been exercised. So when faith has being, a higher development would seem to have being.—Why should Spiritualists arrive in this detestable emulation? Why should the one desire to be thought above his fellow? Why ape the world and follow after its dictates? Why let the external man have sway? Why call their little passions into action? Do they not know the very end and object of Spiritualism is to sweep away the petty distinctions man has raised. To make humanity through the Spiritual power inherent in each soul, stand on the same broad plane looking to God as the only origin and source of all material and Spiritual being. If they do not know this, then have they the very commencing step, the primal element of their faith to learn, and when they know this, then will they practice it, and present the heart as a Spiritual altar, the soul being, the priest, pure and undefiled, and then acceptable to the infinite essence. But until they do this, they present a material altar for sacrifice, the officiating priest, self; self adulation the fruit and the prayer, to what God then do they offer their adorations? Is not this retrogression? Is it not sin? and are they not to reap its wages? If selfish feelings are the end of their faith, then self is their God.—Finite! Finite! only man.

This little episode will be pardoned, because the object of writing should be the elicitation of truth, and it can only be known by showing men that they truly are. The observations were not dictated in a censorious Spirit, but arose rather from the presence of feelings, seeing as the writer does, those angularities which he deems as subversive of Spiritual truth, and which tend to introduce an element of discord into that which should be harmony. The pen was taken to discuss some phase of infidelity, and to enquire into its nature, the subject of self was presented and pursued, because it is felt that self is the very element of infidelity, and so applicable to the subject. Besides, it is impossible to correct our errors unless we know them, and men because of self cannot see the surface of the mirror in its undimmed splendor, but when the lines and angularities of human nature are presented in a kindly Spirit, those who reflect will be able to discern the truthful image, to see themselves.

The infidel, and this is a definition upon which all creeds unite, is a one who denies the existence of God and the immortality of the human soul.—This state of mind, many possess it, has arisen not so much from the absence of intelligence as from a condensed effort of the reasoning faculty. For the purpose of argument, it will be conceded that in all minds there is an intuitive desire to rely upon something higher than themselves, and when it is stated that infidelity or atheism has in a degree its origin from this power, the proposition may perhaps be viewed with suspicion, yet it may not therefore be the less true, and Infidelity (when a man has reasoned at all on the nature of Spiritual things,) is occasioned too often by the vibration of those intuitive chords of the mind which have become agitated because of the education which has been imparted in early days, unaccompanied by the necessary evidence of the truth of the proposition then given, or it may be as the mind has advanced along the path of life, certain conclusions have been adopted which the evidence the mind has afterwards been able to collect has not sanctioned. There are also cases of Infidelity which have arisen from the absence of all education, or after enquiry upon these subjects. But in all phases, the same arguments are held; the same propositions adduced for solution. We, who believe we have substantial evidences of the soul's immortality, may perhaps wonder how any other person can be ignorant of them, because so easy of attainment, but this should excite pity rather than hostility, because of the fallibility of man.—A man avows he is an atheist, at first perhaps he has esteemed it the mark of an original thinker, or deems the world will give him credit for some depth of thought; yet suppose he has examined the many theological views presented for the acceptance of the world; examined the evidences, and has philosophy at command to back the opinions he avows. In this case pride and self esteem are at the bottom.

Infidels with all are inconsistent, they readily admit the eternity of matter, and yet deny the immortality of the soul or mind, although the evidences for the one and the other are equal. They admit that mind has being, because it can be judged by its results and their own consciousness of its action. Thus then, they say, that only of which they have the evidence of the senses for, they believe in, and yet admit the eternal duration of matter. This is a thing they cannot have seen, so an admission of a something of which the senses of a life time cannot be cognisant; but then they say,

science has shown matter to be undestructible, for when destroyed in one form it exists in another, here then is an admission of the right to reason, analogically. Now for the sake of argument we say, mind is matter? the animal frame is matter, yet with different functions, the one is sentient, the other merely animate. The animal frame is passing away and is renewed each moment, but not so the mind, it receives additions but never loses that it had, and this we know, because long forgotten events are recalled upon the presentments of particular circumstances. We see that knowledge grows, and that which the mind rejects, it is still not the less conscious of; but that which passes from the body passes never to return. We gain flesh, but it is by the addition of particles, which particles themselves pass off. A computation has been made that the body changes its particles every seven or ten years, passing in elemental forms and enters into new combinations, this change we do not find in the mind; new opinions may be avowed, but the old ones not the less exist. If we follow the argument as it is sometimes presented, that mind and matter are the same, and so commingled, that, which impairs the body, impairs the mind, thus showing as it is said, the connection, then it would follow that the mind would pass with the animal matter of the frame, for if mind and matter are one, then each atom is sentient, then has each man an infinity of existences all sentient, for then the rule, all things equal in themselves are equal to each other, has force, then all their feelings and sentiments are multiplied, and so their existence is in a myriad of forms rather than in one concentrated whole, an existence without of which they are not conscious, and yet consciousness passes with the material particles of the body. But this view is altogether a fallacy, and is rejected by the better informed of the infidel brethren, for with them there are grades of intelligence, and this makes the matter more surprising, and yet in fact, only shows that intelligence is one thing, and reflection is another. When a man is sick or bowed beneath the load of years, the mind is not impaired, but the currents by which it is conveyed are, for if the mind was impaired, then it could only gain its original powers by additions, yet we see immediately the presence of sickness is removed, the mind regains its elasticity; in other words, when the wants of the machinery through which the mind imparts its will have regained their pristine use: so in old age, the functional powers of will are impaired but not the will, for there are moments even in the most advanced age, when the mind beams out in all the lustre it had when youth, and health and energy were the characteristic of the body. Yet if the above proposition were true, this could not be, for if its lucidity had departed, then it could not have power but by additions.

The general view is that although mind (not to speak of soul) is material, yet it is of a different constitution to that of the body and is separable, then if separable, it must have an independent existence, either parted in its mentality or existing as a whole. It is a natural question what becomes of it? for if the material composing the body has existence, surely the mind also exists!

This is viewing the question without speaking of Spirit or soul, we believe existence has form, because we cannot suppose an existence without form, for atomic conformations so far as scientific analysis has arrived at a conclusion finds the conformation identical in each element. We have arrived at a mental separate existence, it were then it would seem an easy step to a Spiritual or soul existence: perhaps on arriving at this conclusion, it were admitting but little to say mind is material, but not in the sense of matter, and by contact impresses the soul and then departs, the soul has its impress, and the thought which is the thing departs on its mission, and impresses other souls, hence the coincidents we observe, the identification of thoughts in different individuals.

Space will not permit me to pursue the theme at this time, but that which is written if it affords food for reflection, the object of the writing is gained. An opportunity of renewing the investigation will be taken.

S. B.

ALLEGORICAL DREAM.

The following very remarkable and somewhat romantic dream, was taken from the lips of the dreamer himself, a young man of unquestionable integrity, as well as fine intellect. He thinks that already a considerable portion of it has been exemplified in his own life, which is easy to be seen that certain great principles of truth and right are distinctly shadowed forth.

F. H. G.

In the year 1843, while in Preston, Ontario Co., New York, the following dream occurred:

A year or two previous, I had commenced freeing myself from the thralldom of the Baptist Church, by commencing within myself a process of reasoning, and carrying out my suggestions in practice. It was certain that all sects differing widely as they did in many important points, could not be right in the highest sense, how then, could I believe that the small group to which I belonged, enjoyed an exclusive monopoly of good? Then why not hear others, and at least find what they had to say for themselves? In short, I had begun to question more and more deeply, but as yet no answer came. I cut loose from the thrall of the church service, and went freely among other sects listening, as I had opportunity, to what might be said on every hand. I began to see much that was irrational, not to say immoral and dangerous to the true interest of the soul in most of the popular doctrines. The monstrous and deformed Selfishness, and the tyrannical, gross and brutal Spirit of Sectarianism that were so carefully veiled in the churches, began to be stripped of their

false trappings, and to reveal their hideous wickedness and deformity. Feeling that I could never attain the full stature of the Spiritual Man under such influences, I left the Church, and was seeking for good as an individual and self-responsible being. When the dream occurred I had been exercised in this way for nearly two years.

I was sleeping alone, but dreamed that there was a young man in bed with me. We were at a public house, as I dreamed, and in the night were awakened by screams and a great noise outside. I rose and looked out of the window, when I beheld in the distance a most terrible scene, like a prairie on fire. The rolling waves, red and glaring advanced, spreading far and wide, and lighting the country for miles around with the lurid blaze.

As soon as the young man in bed with me beheld the danger, he proposed that we should wrap ourselves up in wet blankets. I told him that would be of no use, and urged him, as the only means of safety, to go out at once, and meet the danger manfully. He shrunk from this, and the last I saw of him, he lay enveloped in the wet blankets with which he had clothed himself. I threw on my clothes quickly as possible, and hurried into the street. On the corner a large crowd of men, women and children were gathering together. Some were seeking to escape by running over the hill, but before they reached the summit, the rolling eyes of the Fire-Devil stared them in the face. Others were kneeling with an attempt to pray; while others still were weeping and wringing their hands, with cries and shrieks, and the most piteous moans.

I told them to stop and try to help themselves in some other way, that prayers would not arrest the fire—it was coming, and we must try to stop it—or at the least meet it with resolution. But they were overwhelmed with the terrible anguish of their fears. I tried to encourage them, telling them to stand up and meet the foe, but in vain.

Higher and higher rose the flames, until the sky was reddened with their light, Nearer and nearer swept the flood, with a deep hollow roar, like that of an angry sea, but infinitely more terrible. As it came near enough for them to feel the heat, they grew frantic. And when at length it really came on to us, the struggles, screams, shrieks and groans increased to such a degree as baffles all description. It was one chaotic mass of unmitigated agony.

At length this horrible uproar became less and less violent. The red waves rolled and rolled on, at length passing far away. The fire was seen in the distance like a cloud. I was left alone amid silence and utter desolation. The people were all gone. Every thing was swept from the earth. Not a human being—not a tree—not a leaf or bare stick had escaped. Every thing was consumed.

Then came upon me the horrible fear of perhaps even a worse death—the slow torture of starvation. With the most terrible forebodings I sought for some refreshment, for I had already begun to be hungry. Thus several hours passed, but I found nothing. And when apparently about yielding to despair, suddenly as if borne on a shaft of light, this thought went through my mind—had I been brought thro' the fire to die for want of bread? I repelled the idea. It was a slander against the divine strength that had delivered me. It was a libel on my own Will-power, which had thus seemed to work the greatest of miracles. I would be strong. Nay I was strong, and would deliver myself.

Pursuant to this resolution, I began my search, with every round making wider and wider circles. For three nights and two days I went on, still sustained by that almighty Resolution, though I found nothing to relieve the eye—nothing to encourage the heart—nothing—nothing!—but one wide waste of scorched and blackened earth.

Early on the morning of the third day, I spied at a considerable distance on the hill side, a sight that filled my whole soul with unspeakable joy. It was the blackened stump of an old tree, which yet remained, though the branches were burned off close to the body. It was a fragment of life that stood like a friend in the midst of my great loneliness. I hurried toward it as toward a human being. I threw my arms around the charred trunk, and wept aloud for very joy.

When the violence of these emotions had somewhat subsided, I looked off into a valley that appeared to be about a quarter of a mile beyond, and there I could see the tops of green trees.—Filled with divine joy, and doubting nothing of my complete deliverance, I hurried to the spot.—With every step as I approached, I grew happier; and when I arrived there and beheld the Eden that was softly unfolded to my gaze, my bosom was pervaded by a serene peace which was at home there, bathing in the clear light, and inhaling the pure air as its native element. Beautiful shrubbery, groves of stately forest trees, rich fields of grain, clear fountains, musical streams, and flowers woven in bright parterres through the whole landscapes, opened a region of endless enchantment.—The grounds were not extensive, but every thing was in the most perfect order. Not a dead limb, a dry leaf, a stone, or stick, appeared. All was perfect.

I walked around the place several times, with ever increasing delight and wonder. And in the near view, every thing appeared still more complete, and withal I discovered some new thing at every step. I sat down under a tree, and regaled myself with the delicious fruits. I was penetrated with such an intense happiness as almost pained me. The sense of gratitude, the joy of deliverance, the present repose, the surrounding beauty, were all pressed and interpressed in my emotions.

Gradually this excitement passed into a train of deep and pleasant thought. I reflected on my situation; and the clear light of the sun that had risen high in heaven, seemed shining into my soul. I knew then that there was a deeper meaning in all this than I could yet comprehend; but in the future I felt assured it would be made known to me.

Again this state of mind passed off; and began once more to feel my own individuality, or the necessity of providing for my wants as a human being. And with this was unfolded the desire of companionship. The beauty which no other eyes than mine could see, began to lose its power of attraction; the light which reflected the luster of no loving eye, grew dim and cold; and I felt the want of something which would have made me happy with far less, but for the want of which all these blessings could not recompense me. I was yearning after intelligent companionship, the sympathy in look, speech, action, which by dividing our pleasures, continually and repeatedly multiplied them. It was surprising how soon every thing grew stale, for there was no consciousness without or beyond my own, to catch any new attraction or reflect it back to mine, invested with a new life and beauty.

Oppressed with loneliness, I went out on the hill and called aloud, hoping to rouse some human being. But my voice met with no response. No living thing replied. Even Echo was silent. It would have rejoiced me to find even the humblest living creature in that profound solitude.

While walking about, I discovered a place dug in the ground. There was a swell or embankment somewhat like that of a tomb, and a stone lay in an inclined direction against what seemed to be the entrance. Taking hold of it, and finding that it was moved easily, I drew it away, when underneath I discovered a door. I stood looking at it for some time, questioning with myself whether I should thus venture on the unknown. I had very strange feelings; confidence and distrust, doubt and faith, appeared weighing themselves in my mind, while the balance was so near even, that I stood not knowing what to do. I thought perhaps the owner of the garden was there—that the whole scene might be some lure to entrap me. But the desire to know threw the weight on the positive side of the scale, and I determined to investigate, let the result be whatever it might. Thus determining, I threw open the door, when my wonder was still increased by the new scene which was there unfolded. It was a cellar under ground, filled with family stores, and as I had witnessed before, every thing was in the most beautiful and perfect order. Nice, clean barrels and other vessels were set away in the well paved alleys, and these were all filled with roots and vegetables of the finest appearance. Dairy rooms, milk, cheese and butter, in short, all that a healthy appetite could desire, appeared in the details. I beheld all these things with that calm sense of satisfaction and enjoyment which is the highest expression of ownership. They all seemed put there for me, and I was glad and thankful. But now the less did I feel the marvellousness of all that had occurred, which the last discovery fairly crowned. But still I wondered if no human being was near. It was too much to enjoy alone, and the sense of delight was strained and really ached with the unshared intensity of its emotions.

I went out under a tree, so full of thankfulness, I could not do otherwise than offer prayer and praise. The bended knee, the murmured thanks, the tearful supplication for still higher, still purer good, were but natural acts; and in their free exercise I became once more intensely happy.

But again the loneliness came over me. I rose and wandered in pursuit of that other self, that could respond to mine, and thus complete its self-hood. I called aloud again and again, and though no one came—no one answered—I began to have faith that I should yet find what I sought.

Again I sat down and listened. All was calm. All was still. But in the midst of this a strain of music floated from a distance, so delicate, so aerial—that I held my own breath lest its harshness should dissolve the sweet and fragile sound. But even while I listened, it was gone—dissipated, as if melted in its own sentences, which still seemed to fill the air. I rose and hastened forward in the direction of the voice, for it was a human voice that I had heard. But I found nothing—saw and heard nothing. Again it was revived, it seemed to approach me. But though I shouted with all my strength, I could get no answer. Then the music ceased, and in the bitterness of my disappointment I could almost curse it, as a trick of the imagination. But once more it was renewed, clearer, nearer than before, but it seemed flitting about; and I went from one side to another to follow its changes. Finally, the words became intelligible—when, as the height and crown of all wonders, they seemed to repeat my own story.

I sat down powerless; for what could a mere human being do amid such a train of marvels?

The voice continued to approach me. I rose and went forward, when I met a female form in a plain and simple dress, and though of a plain countenance, yet exceedingly attractive with the beauty of expression. The attraction was mutual. We were drawn to each other's arms. We embraced with a speechless joy. We read in each other's eyes the tenderest gratitude for deliverance from the misery of loneliness! We saw each other's integrity in the trusting looks that opened either soul. We felt each other's love in the throbbing hearts that spoke and answered each other, without want of words. It was an infinite union, that brought together the long severed elements, and of two in-

perfect human beings, made one, complete in physical structure, in affection, heart, mind and soul—the completeness embracing the elements of all that can procure happiness here and hereafter, a union for to-day—to-morrow—forever—eternity. Such is all true marriage.

When our emotions had so far subsided as to admit of speech, I drew her gently to a mossy bank, that skirted a little stream, and there we sat down together. By her request I told my story; and she only said in reply: "This also is mine." And thus, in this great sympathy of a common experience, we were drawn more nearly, more dearly together. How a delightful calm overspread all our thoughts; and hand in hand we walked thro' our beautiful Eden, surveying its wealth and loveliness together. And when we sat down again under the shadow of an umbrageous tree, angels with dove-wings seemed to be resting in our bosoms, so pure and holy were our thoughts.

Thus we sat, still hand in hand silent, unless the informing looks that sped from one to the other might be considered speech, until a sound of harmony unlike any thing we had ever before heard, arrested our attention. It was not like the music of either voice or instrument, but as if the air itself had been inspired by an intelligent sweetness, that knew and interpreted our own emotions.

Looking up, we beheld a form approaching us, walking in the clear light, which fell sloping off, making an oblique path from Heaven. As the form drew nearer, we saw it was a female robed in white, and of the most lustrous beauty.

With a stately yet benignant air, she paused at a little distance, and with a gentle waving of the hand, she spoke: "Children, I have come to relieve you of this great wonder. You two only are saved—saved for the purpose of being united, that you may live together. Behold all these good things are committed to your care. Prove yourselves trust-worthy in all. Every thing is now in good order. Let all be kept so. Let only the good and healthy seed be sown, and you will have a full harvest. So shall the vegetation of the Earth be regenerated. Behold all this beautiful order, and preserve it. You are to live together as man and wife; for man and wife you are.

Then when we expressed some doubts in regard to the moral propriety of the measure, she said: "I have come to unite you. Dismiss all anxiety, and bear my charge; for as a minister of God and Good, I have power to sanctify your union, and that simply because I inform you that it is sanctified by its very being. If it existed it is holy; but if it does not exist, no form of speech or writing—no power of word or parchment can give it being. It is right and well in the social state to publish and proclaim these ties, that men may understand and respect them; but to publish does not create them."

Thus saying, she laid a hand on each of our bowed-down heads, and in her blessing we felt a confirmation of her words. We were wedded.—After a brief silence she again resumed:

"I shall not be far off. Call on me whenever you need counsel. Be true to the beautiful laws of Nature; and Earth, and all her fruits and animals, and man, shall be regenerated with continually finer forms and ascending types of being. Your children, like all you see, will be wealthy and perfect. Be faithful, and all is well. The fire that you have passed through is fear. This is the evil that is destroying so many. Teach your children this. Educate them in the perfect Love that casteth out Fear, and if possible allow no fear to be manifested before them. So shall the rising generation be recreated pure; and only the laws of Nature which include all development—all morals—all religion—shall be required for the government of men."

Even while I listened to her benediction, which seemed to flow into the silence as she ceased speaking, the interior presence was gone.

I awoke, I beheld in my dream a picture of Human Progression—the struggles, triumphs and resolution—the living faith, and the vital action, that are surely bearing us on to a peaceful and glorious Future.

SKELTON ESSAY.

THE DESTINY OF SPIRIT.

All mental effort should be concentrated into this reflection, that the demonstrative evidence and action of mind in the world, is but the fulfillment of a law in the grand economy of Nature. It can have no higher trust, nor can it be governed by truer intuitions. Nature is only aiming at the establishment of her laws of intellect, and she usually succeeds amidst the most disqualifying opposition. Authorship, conception in poetry and philosophy, and not less in science, are governed by this strong spring and spur of immortality. The poet wings his flight into the realm of the ideal by the same appropriateness of election. The priest proffers upon the altar his prayer of reason and of faith under the spell of the same universal law. Genius and creation and prophecy awaken their energy under the same impulsion. The soul derives its chief support in thus glorifying itself, and by its own unfettered medium is made most quickly to comprehend that language which God speaks to the reason of man. It wins its crown of light, and is refreshed and expanded in the thought that those indelible traits which are so imperishable, are the bounties which enter into the grand harmony of the Infinite, and is of all other memorials the most important and valuable.

This is giving to mind a solemn function, and claiming for it a high province. If this be its office, why is there not a higher development of the spirit? Why does it not burn like a beacon of fire amidst the waves and tempests, alluring the thought of the age from terrestrial to celestial communion, and guiding it from any influence which is in collision with these laws? Simply because this intention of Nature is perverted and her designs thwarted. Insolent and imperious obstacles break in upon the relations of Nature, and negative her merit, and crush to earth the power of truth.

We should receive such psychological demonstration divested of all association with the mere human—as the voice of the spirit, not of man—as an offering to the grand and silent ages of eternity, whose prompter is the Supreme and Transcending Spirit. It is the soul hastening to communicate what it has conceived, and it glides from its majestic temple, leaves its house of clay, to speak the universal language and creed of Nature to the universal heart.

In the world of mind, Nature is varying constantly from the human to the divine. The calm and contemplative happiness which the spirit of poetry and philosophy confer, and the depth of imagination and reason which one true seer may possess, may win perhaps millions to the inheritance of immortality. Their souls take light through the single medium, just as we all have refuge in our Massihaical atonement. His spirit is animated to utterance, from a certainty that its con- tions will enter into the sphere of others,

and prepare them for admission into that sacred region of thought, and fix those realizations which confirm the worth of spiritual intelligence. Nature and God then are the symbols and adjuncts of mind. The best record of their union is the glory which genius creates, and the deathless and immeasurable benefits it confers. All other passions waste themselves, and cloy and pall upon the appetite, but the fire of mind is never spent. Its ashes stir with an unseen life, and break into flame, illuminating the precincts, and laying bare the unreckoned treasure of her teeming world.

These traits take their place in the early philosophies, and they were turned to high religious and political account in forming the national characteristics of the ancients. In all we only see the fulfillment of the destiny of mind and spirit.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow
In the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1855.

ROBERT OWEN AND THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

We published some months since a "CALL" for a World's Convention to be held on the 14th of May in London, written and sent forth by that well known philanthropist, whose name heads this article. Since then, we have received the first and second edition of a Report that gives the details of a great preliminary meeting held on the 1st of January, 1855.

The following extract from the introduction to the second edition, will explain the grounds and give part of the reasons Mr. Owen has in mind for calling this meeting and the convention.

It is now very naturally asked—On what ground do you, Mr. Owen, propose to predict confidently the near approach of the Millennial State of Human Existence?

I reply—On the strongest possible grounds for the coming of any event which has not actually arrived.

1st.—Because all the materials for the creation of the millennial state now exist in superfluity.

2d.—Because the knowledge has been given by which to arrange these materials to create a full millennial state of existence over the earth.

3d.—Because it is the highest interest of every one living, or who may hereafter live, that this state should commence and progress in the shortest possible time, now that the knowledge by which to accomplish it has been given to humanity.

4th.—Because all who have studied the history of the past, and reflected on the present condition of the population of the world, are convinced that the existing state of society is most unsatisfactory in all its relations,—that its scientific discoveries and inventions are all in advance of its religious, govern- mental and commercial and social conditions and arrangements, and that, in consequence, society in all countries is dissatisfied, and is looking for some great change, for which it has been for some time preparing, and is now in active progress of development.

The question that will now be asked is—How is this the greatest of all changes, to be accomplished?

I reply—By the cordial union of the human race; and there is no power under Heaven by which it can be attained.

The past and present system of the world is based on disunion between religions, governments, classes, sects, and parties, and on consequent repulsion between individual nations. This disunion and repulsion must be changed for universal union and attraction, before the millennial state of society can be attained.

True—it will be said—But who can make this change, and create the union?

I reply—None of the religions of the world; for they hate each other. None of the governments of the world; for they are opposed to each other, in language, manners, prejudices, and unnumbered interests. Not any class; for there is no following between any one and all the others. Not any party; for every party is opposed to all other parties. Many times any sect of any particular religion; because each sect is in opposition to all other sects, even of the same religion, and often more violently opposed to these than to those of other religions.

What chance, it will then be said—can there be then of universal cordial union, until this universal disunion, and so much hatred and contempt for each other opinions and practices throughout all these divisions?

This very disunion will be the chief cause to produce universal union, from the growing impress of the glowing absurdities of these educated opinions of the human race, in opposition to all facts. There can be no union with these divisions. Therefore these divisions will be made to cease to exist in every part of the world.

But how is this to be effected? I reply—Through the discovery of interest of each that they should not exist.

Who will make this interest obvious, and effective to induce all to do the thing that I will?

How? By calling this meeting of delegates from all religions, governments, classes, sects, and parties on the 14th of May next, and placing the whole truth respecting these matters before them.

No doubt there are those who consider all such reasoning as little short of madness or monomania, they having long since convinced themselves that this world is given over to believe a lie that it may be damned. With all such, we have neither time nor room to argue, nor is it needful we should, since the assumption ignores good sense by the monstrosity of its nature, and therefore votes itself outside of reason and argument. Besides this, the modest, and therefore wise thinker will seldom ad- judge any reform by the experiences he or she may bring into court, for human history and human nature should be the tribunals at which all expe- riences now-a-days should be corrected, as there is no one mind sufficiently comprehensive to correct the world's experience.

Looked at more closely, the modest thinker makes the world and God's providence an open book, in which he or she may find useful and in- structive lesson, while the presumptive and dog- matic thinker is a huge pile of egoism and vanity, and therefore incapable of instruction or cure this side the grave.

The proposition, therefore, for a World's Con- vention, and the World's Convention will have very different degrees of interest for these two classes of mind, and affect their conduct accordingly. We hope whatever views may be taken of the im- mediate value of Mr. Owen's notions regarding this Convention, and his philosophy in general, that the "call" may be suggestive to all of the "good time coming," and prompt them to such action as may tend to harmonize "self" with the general good, as all such efforts are the true, though it may be the slow way to build the everlasting Broom- noon.

We hope those who can, however, will go to the Convention, for the presence of some spiritual and reformatory friends from America will have a good effect, and may go far towards giving stimu- lant to hope and impulse to the slumbering ener- gies of the working and toiling millions of Europe.

Sure we are that the time has come when there should be a strong concentration and centralization of the reformatory energy, that brotherly love may warm the affections and nerve the arm to do manly duty for progress and for the right.

The unanimity of the conservative is external, but practically real, while the reformer is impulsive and erratic in his issues, and therefore accom- plishes but little. May we not hope that this Con- vention, if it does no other good, will attempt the harmonizations of the individualisms of the refor- matory family, and give the world, in the report of its proceedings, the first grand view of humanity's needs, desires, and determinations. The Crystal Palace, and the wonders exhibited within its walls, attracted many from all parts of the world, for they wished to see the inventions of genius and the cu- riosities which the patience, skill and industry of art had called into being.

We shall see by the report of this Convention, how many will gather together to speak in behalf of, and what gathering they will give to humanity's self, and the voice of the "good time coming." The lessons of the Convention, however, cannot fail of interest, and may do more good than the exhibi- tion of a thousand palaces; for whether the report be good, bad, or indifferent, it will have a marked and significant meaning for him who wishes to read and can understand its meaning.

The following extract gives us an insight into the character of the "preliminary meeting," and awak- ens the belief that the Convention will be worthy of so fair a beginning.

It appears that Mr. Owen had purposely had this meeting on New Year's Day, that he might have an audience who preferred mental to bodily food and fasting; and it will be seen by this report, that those who came with the highest expectations were more than gratified.

The meeting was called for, and commenced precisely at seven o'clock, when the Lecture Room in St. Martin's Hall was rapidly filling, and soon after it was crowded to overflowing. On entering, the company were surprised to see large drop and side scenes painted to exhibit, primarily to the eye different combinations of good conditions, which Mr. Owen, Mr. Pen- ington, Mr. Buckington, and Mr. Atkins proposed for the relief, regeneration of the human race, and in which all sides scenes, Mr. Atkins, for this preliminary purpose, had painted eight columns, and exhibited as options of the creation of the world from its com- mencement, step by step, through all its gradations to the pre- sent time, with the progress which scientific knowledge has ac- quired to this point; showing by how much ease, by adopting Mr. Owen's and Mr. Penington's principles of education from birth by the eye and ear, all useful and real knowledge could now be given to all who should be placed within these rational conditions. The audience seemed at first stunned and then electrified with these extraordinary representations, opening the first glimpses of the "New Existence of Man upon the Earth."

So much we have felt moved to write on this subject, as some of our Spiritual friends are soon to leave us, to report America's progress to that Convention, and speak words of cheer for humani- ty's future. That such are the wishes and desires of some Spiritualists, the following letter will prove. We give it place, not only as an item of intelligence, but that its publicity may prompt all who feel an interest in the "Representative"—Br. P. B. Randolph—to do "what seemeth good" in their sight," as he is to sail on the 18th for Eu- rope.

Mr. Randolph has been well and favorably known to the Spiritualists of New York city and State as an examining medical and speaking me- dium, in each of which he has given, to the best of our knowledge, general satisfaction. Indeed, the praise bestowed on his late labors in central New York, would be flattering to most public speakers, in or out of the Senate. We have no fear, there- fore, but as a speaker he will make himself under- stood and felt.

The following is one of many letters we have been permitted to read, which bear testimony to the ability of Br. Randolph as a speaker and a me- dium—being his credentials to the Convention:—

NEW YORK, April 5, 1855.

We, the undersigned, residents of New York, of the United States, to the Reformers of every Nation, People and Tongue, in Convention assembled. Greeting:

Brethren—We take pleasure in telling you that we fully appreciate and understand your motives. Heart and hand we are with you. We feel strong. Our souls are in a glow. The sun of righteousness arises in the world's horizon, and the earth begins to pulsate with the divine throb- bings of universal love,—of God to man, and of men to men. Our souls are confident and trusting: our hopes and faith in and for the triumph of right over wrong is great, and active as great. We feel a Spirit of charity for all mankind. We believe in the ministrations of departed Spirits, and that they are engaged zealously and earnestly in reforming mankind, ushering in the dawn, the glorious dawn of the Golden Age of universal equity. We feel that the "good time" to come is close at hand, when men will see their errors in theory and practice, religion and politics, interest and duty, and only see to discard them all, and embrace the true, the beautiful and the good.

We believe that Spirits are now laboring through earthly mediums to dispel the gloom of error and bigotry, unholy creeds, superstitions, fanaticisms and irreligion, from the minds of men and the face of earth.

Brethren—Reform is our motto! We are soldiers in the great battle for Truth, Justice, Love, and Reason, and we bid you God speed in the divine work of human regeneration.

We take pleasure in commending Brother Paschal B. Randolph to your kind regards. He is our duly appointed representative in the grand Humanitarian Council to be held in London in May next, and we trust he will meet with that attention while in Great Britain which we feel he so well deserves, in consideration of the arduous toils and wearisome labors he has performed and is performing still in behalf of the down trodden and oppressed of human kind of every nation, race and hue. Br. Randolph is one of the most prominent Spiritual mediums of the mental order, in America, and as such we commend him to the kind regards of every good man and true in Great Britain.

LYMAN L. CURTIS,
PHILANDER KENYON,
WILLIAM B. TAYLOR,
H. S. NICHOLS,
L. M. TAYLOR.

MR. LOGAN SLEEPER.

The letter of this gentleman published in the last issue of this paper, went before the public without comment from us for lack of room, and we now call attention to it only to introduce the fol- lowing letter. So far as Mr. Sleeper has been per- sonal toward ourselves, we care little, for we think the general reader will discriminate between the sectarian rancor of Mr. S. and the calm tolerance which the Christian Spiritualist extends to the many opposing and conflicting forces of the age, for it is our Christian and religious belief, that the purposes of God will be accomplished, and his government acknowledged among men, without our carrying on an active or violent warfare against those who may not see eye to eye with us. As for hoping logic on mere theological opinions, we have neither time nor room, and hope if Mr. Sleeper favors us with any more communications, it will be on some subject likely to bring harmony, and not personality among men. We have had enough of church polemics and theological egoism to convince us that inspiration comes not from these schools. Nor is harmony to be expected from the church man, judging from his love of con- fessional authority, and his antagonism to reform. How far Mr. Sleeper may be of this class, we will not attempt to guess, nor will we call in question his sincerity, nor criticize his Christianity, for we care nothing about his belief, but every thing about his life. If Mr. S. is a good, honest, candid, truth- loving and justice dispensing man, loving God in his own way, we shall be glad to know more of him, but if he is deficient in these characteristics, any angle of words he may send us will be of small import and no practical value.

These remarks will apply to others as well as to Mr. S., for we hope the general Spirit and ten- dency of all communications handed in for publi- cation will bring forth fruits that need not to be re- pented of. Mr. Sleeper cannot well complain, there- fore of our stopping this controversy, for it has been painful and personal almost from the com- mencement. We have given him full and ample opportunity of expressing his views, and if they are not understood, it must be the fault of the reader, for he certainly has been very plain of speech.

The following will explain itself and end the con- troversy.

WEST TROY, April 9, 1855.

FRIEND SLEEPER: Your epistle of the above date, in the Spiritualist, betrays a lamentable inexpe- rience in gentlemanly correspondence, and also a sad mistake as to the design of the Christian Spiritu- alist. As a member of the "Society for the Dif- fusion of Spiritual Knowledge," it becomes my duty to give you some needed instruction. The "Spiritualist" was designed as a vehicle for the dis- cussion of principles and not personalities, and a departure from that platform, is a trespass upon the kindness of the editor. If you feel in "the most perfect good humor" however, for a personal controversy on any subject, in any way, I will meet you in the columns of the "Tribune," or any other appropriate sheet. As an Apostle of a great truth, I must associate with all conditions of hu- manity, and use arguments to meet their various ca- pacities. I would also instruct you to "hoist your own proper colors," which according your own ad-

mission, you have not done. It was once con- sidered indicative of genius or extreme modesty, to write under a mask, but that idea is explained.

Your offer to write my biography, is more than I expected in this world. The merits of reformers are seldom appreciated till after they are dead.— But this is an age of wonders. If you write by inspiration, you will need no other assistance, but if you write by information and need any more than you have already received from this quarter, I will furnish a few references. Here they are: Robert Robertson, Columbus, O., with whom I served my apprenticeship; Rev. E. H. Newton, Principal of Cambridge Academy, address him at Cambridge, Washington Co., New York; Rev. E. A. Stewart, my honored teacher of Christian Theo-logy, address Spirit World, Second Sphere; Horace L. Dunn, West Troy, my present employer; L. P. Waldo, Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C. Refer him to the Muster and Pay Rolls of Capt. Reuben H. Gray, of the U. S. Volunteers.

If you wish for any more, and prefer the names of Reverends, I can give plenty of them. You had better begin the work at once, and have it published in book form, with the intended "Address" to me as an appendix. I think the book would sell well, with either yours, or my full length portrait for a frontispiece.

You offer to "prophesy" to make the work com- plete. Friend Sleeper, I advise you not to turn prophet. "A prophet has no honor in his own country."

Now, friend Sleeper, these are matters wholly foreign to the mission of the Christian Spiritualist. This is the last answer that I shall indite through its columns to an epistle every way personal, and every way destitute of principle or argument.— And I answer your epistle only because it is an in- direct attack upon Spiritism, by a threatened direct attack upon my reputation as one of its advocates.

I fear no shaft from slanderers' tongues,
There is an adamant shield,
Of truth or conscience virtue flung,
That shames the slanderer from the field.

My address to the Clergy, you have a perfect to review on principle. If you do so, and make three logical points, you shall have the pleasure of seeing a "Review" reviewed.

Yours fraternally, S. M. PETERS.

BR. J. B. FERGUSON'S BOOKS, AND HIS ORTHODOX REVIEWERS.

We have received a friendly visitation from this Brother, in the shape of a bundle of books, all of which are most welcome. We have not as yet read them, but as we have read and published nearly every extract the Spiritual press has made from the publications of Br. Ferguson, we hope this notice will answer the purpose of a more ex- tended and formal review.

We shall return to these works, however, when we are prepared to express an opinion; in the meantime, we hope our readers will not wait our dictum, but get the works and judge for themselves. The following are the two most important to the Spiritualist, be he in or out of the Church. They can be had by writing Br. Ferguson, Nashville, Tenn., inclosing \$1.50.

SPIRIT-COMMUNION: A Record of Communications from the Spirit-Land. With incontestible evidence of personal Identity. Presented to the public with explanatory observations. By J. B. Ferguson.

RELATIONS OF PASTOR AND PEOPLE: Statement of belief on Unitarianism, Universalism, and Spiritualism. By J. B. Ferguson.

While we are on this subject, we cannot help but regret the necessity which the theological churchman finds for censure, whenever he knows the Protestant element is working outside of his own theological hive; for all exclusive and dog- matic criticism, be the impulse or motive ever so good that prompts it, must eventually in injury to both parties. We say both, for the censorious faultfinder never has and never can attract, for his Spirit is repellent, and position warlike and forbid- ding, and therefore he antagonizes those he should attract. We know the office of the reviewer is often an unthankful one, even when the Spirit of kindness would wish to give a silver lining to the passing cloud of criticism; but the following from the Gospel Banner, of St. Louis, is so obviously conceived in a fault-finding disposition, that injury can come only to the reviewer and the cause he advocates.

"SPIRIT-COMMUNION." This volume of 272 pages has been placed on our table by our friend Henry Staggs. This is a work which we can not recommend. It is a bundle of ridiculous nonsense.— If Mr. Ferguson had been as anxious to preach the Gospel, as he had labored as hard to see that his flock were following Christ, as he did to find out the mysteries of Spirit-rapping, by gathering friends about tables, we feel assured that Jesse B. Ferguson would have done more good, and enjoyed peace and happiness, which, we fear, will never be his. We find in it a concise statement of the teachings of Spiritualism. There is in this statement but little new of interest. As usual, they believe that "There is but one living and true God, and all things; but his highest manifestations are in individual intelligences. Man, in his perfection, is the perfection of all external forms. Eternal doom, or damnation, is a hideous fallacy to exclude to true Christianity, and the sole reason for patience to give more. Any one wishing the work can purchase it of Henry Staggs."

It must be evident to the reader, if the reviewer speaks for any number of the Churches of St. Louis, that "Spirit-rapping" is not likely to be explained by the efforts of their members. We hope, however, others will double their diligence, and give us all the light they may have on the sub- ject; for it is not only a truism but a common- placeism to say, that if the phenomena can be ex- plained on scientific grounds, and according to known and scientific rules of evidence, it should be done, and "done quickly."

Until such explanation comes, we hope the reader will follow our example, and make the best pos- sible use of Br. Ferguson's and all other communica- tions.

SPIRITUAL DEPOT IN PHILADELPHIA.

We have not been able to spare room to notice before the effort of Mr. Samuel Barry, of the city of "Brotherly Love," anxious as we always are to have the friends know the progress of events, and the increase of agents for reformatory purposes. Every city should have its reformatory book store, for simple as it may seem, it requires some moral courage to keep and sell some of the radical publications of the age. We are glad to know therefore, that the Philadelphians are not discouraged by past failures, but look the fu- ture in the face, in supplying the needs of the pre- sent by giving encouragement to the above gentle- man to open a store. We wish him success, both for his own sake and the sake of the cause he serves. The following from his published Circular will give the necessary information for all business purposes.

"The friends of Spiritualism, and those desirous of in- vestigating the subject, have long needed the establishment of some central Depot, where papers and other publications could be had conveniently. To supply this want, and the solicitation of many friends, the undersigned has opened the above office, where he hopes to receive the encouragement of the friends of the cause.

221 Arch st., first door above the Theatre."

Br. J. H. Fowler, who has been lecturing through the West, desires those who wish his ser- vices on his return East, to write him at Chicago, before the first of May.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE DEVIL.

Notwithstanding the increase of opposition and the constant antagonism of the churches—to which Spiritualism has been subject—the cause goes bravely on—for the oppositional phases seem to have mostly passed away, to give place to what we must call DEVOTEDNESS—as we know of no other association or classification to which it belongs. This term is purely evangelical, both in terminology and history, so we do not expect to be called to an account for its existence or use. If any one doubts this, the following question, which is No. 1 of eleven of like significance and bearing on Spiritualism, which appeared in the columns of a religious journal, (the Watchman and Reflector,) may teach him not to "be wise in his own conceit:—

"How do you know that any good Spirit communicates, as demons transform themselves into angels of light, any may say many pious things, and claim also to be the Spirits of your friends?"

Now this is such a perfect "Know-Nothing" question, it would be highly improper for us to at- tempt an answer, for we would be apt to use "car- nal reason" before we finished. And so in good faith we will let Br. J. H. Fowler offer a "few re- marks" on the question, as he seems to have met with others, whose faith requires the presence and agency of the Devil among the children of men.

He says—How peculiarly fond some persons are of urging the claims of the Devil. Was there ever any new and promising thing for humanity that was not at first attributed to his agency by that class of persons, whose profession is to destroy him? Perhaps they think the devil and their pro- fession go down together. You know they told Christ he did all his good deeds by the Prince of devils when they saw that he was fast destroying the works of the Devil and casting him out of the minds of men. So they have said of every im- portant truth which has since been proclaimed. Hence, we expect the same cry will be raised with reference to Spiritualism, which more than any- thing else is freeing this world from this supersti- tion. Must they have a Devil? If so, let them advocate his cause as long as they find it profitable so to do.

Rev. Mr. Dearborn, of this city, has been giving a series of discourses on these spiritual phenomena, which he has lastly attributed altogether to "the Devil, that arch-deceiver, who fell from the high position he once occupied, and now goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." He says more, but the spiritual theory can ac- count for those phenomena, but old Satan himself is the only spirit engaged in the work.

I think his lectures will do much good by awak- ening an interest. I shall reply to them.

NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST.

No. 1 of this issue comes to us in so neat and handsome dress, (type,) and with so earnest and hopeful a face, (vignette,) that we cannot help the impulse that wells up within us to say,—*Well come!* thrice welcome to the sanctum.

The salutation being over, we grow serious, and ask "Whence and what art thou?" remem- bering those to be the usual questions put to most strangers.

We read the prospectus, and find the New Era has changed owners, and also its name. Br. A. E. Newton—known to most of our readers as the author of the "Ministry of Angels," and asso- ciate editor of the New Era for a time, is the editor and publisher of the New England Spiritu- alist. Br. Hewett, the editor of the New Era—we shall not mourn as one dead, but consider his change from the editorship of the "New Era" as enlarging his liberty, and, we hope, his activity. And now that Br. Newton is in the good work in earnest, and is in a position to do himself justice, we wish him God speed, and hope good health, long life, and plenty of good human nature, as well as spiritual sympathy and guardianship, may be his; that he may be led into all good, and live to see the fruit of his labor rise up to call him blessed among men.

The following will explain such points as we have not noticed:—

THE NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST.—The leading purpose of this paper will be, to present the evidences, now abounding and multiplying on every hand, that Spirits exist, and that they com- munate with mortals. The execution of this design will lead us to inquiries into the more abstruse departments of Physical, Mental and Psychological Science, and involve to some extent the consideration of various Moral, theological and Philosophical questions. The practical benefits which must unquestionably result from free communion with superior intelligences, will be exhibited as they unfold themselves. Specimens of communica- tions from Spirits will be given, and will be received as suggestive of thought, rather than as authoritative teachings; and illustra- tions of Life in the Spirit-World, as described by its inhabitants.

It will be the Editor's aim to adapt the paper to the wants of all classes of persons in this section, who are interested in the Spiritual Development of the soul, and who desire a catholic and tolerant spirit towards all shades of opinion that obtain among Spiritualists,—and to meet in a kindly and rational manner all objections and difficulties honestly and unreservedly. The desire of the Editor will be, to elucidate truth, and not to promote a sect, or to create a party, and to do this, he will rather than indulge specific dogmas,—and thus, as a sure ni- mity, to secure the elevation, spiritualization and advancement of mankind.

The subscription list of the "New Era," having been pur- chased of Mr. C. Hewett, the New England Spiritualist will supersede that publication, and although considerably larger in size, will be furnished to all who have paid for the Era in ad- vance, for the full time, and their subscriptions.

The Editor having been by the kindness of friends, placed in a position to be freed from other cares, will be able to devote his entire energies to his columns, and will seek to obtain such as- sistance as may be required to render the paper equal in value to any other devoted to the same objects.

One copy, one year, always in advance, \$2 00
Five copies, " " " " " 10 00
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Single copies, 4 cents each.

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A. E. NEWTON,
Editor and Publisher.

NEW MUSIC.

Horace Waters of No. 333 Broadway, has added several gems to his repository. "The Star of Hope," the words by Mrs. Gourley, are pretty, and the music inspiring. Among them is also "Twilight Chasing the Last Beams of Day," "Wandered by the Brookside," and "They tell me that thy Heart is Changed."

IS SPIRIT THE PRODUCT OF MATTER, OR MATTER THE ULTIMATE AND MANIFESTATION OF SPIRIT?

There are two theories of Matter and of Spirit; each is received and advocated by large classes of minds; both apparently out-rolling from Interior Sources. They are absolutely opposed to each other; therefore can never be reconciled. If either is essentially true, the other must be fundamen- tally false. They may be termed, for the sake of distinction, the material and spiritual hypotheses. The former makes matter the primal source of all being and spirit its product. As the loom weaves cloth, as the factory from rude materials turns out articles of use and beauty, so bodies form souls. As the tree bears fruit, so the human or- ganism elaborates the ethereal spirit. Thus man becomes the son of the clod and brother of the worm; and the spiritual efflux of all matter, con- sidered as a unity, is God. If that from its very nature is finite, such also must be its product.—Fetish worship then is divine worship undeveloped. It has but to lift its eyes from its leeks and onions, and adore their spiritual effluence.

The other theory makes spirit primal and positive, and matter secondary and receptive. Spirit

is the essential and real, matter its ultimate, its manifestation in time and space. Spirit is the universal and quickening power, and matter but the out-birth.—The origin of the soul, according to this hypothesis, may perhaps be as briefly sug- gested in the following lines, which came to me in the early Sabbath hours, but which struggle in vain towards a full expression of thought, as in any other form.

From the PRIMAL SOURCE of Being,

lic singer are good preparatives for a lecturer, for from the one she acquires the confidence to face an audience, from the other; the means, if she did her duty to herself, and those entrusted to her charge, of gaining knowledge. So when these things are considered in connection with her finely balanced head and phenomenal development, the wonder should cease that she talked more than "namby pamby" even in her trance state. My objection was not to Miss Jay or the lectures she delivered, but to the rapid puffs which were so continually vented in the Telegraph in respect to her and her lectures, which were apt to lead expectation so high that no mortal effort even with the aid of disembodied spirits could be satisfied. Had the Telegraph editor read my remarks in a fair and candid spirit, he would have known at what my remarks were particularly aimed, but there are men in the world so wrapped up in the notion of their own great thoughts, that they will not see the truth even if it is shown them through Lord Ross's telescope.

I have no desire for a war of words, but feel justified in saying that I have said in my own defence, and in conclusion say that if the Telegraph editor desires to know who "the anonymous fault-finder" is, that you are at liberty to hand him my name, and subscribe myself in truth as usual.

A SPIRITUALIST.

Although it were perhaps more apt to sign "the anonymous fault-finder," and with Gratiano in the Merchant of Venice say "I thank the Jew for teaching me that word."

New York, April, 1855.

A MELODY OF SPRING.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Singing like a frolic fairy
Comes a Spirit bright and airy;
Bending on her breezy wing
Now we hail the lovely Spring;
And the echoing earth rejoices
In her song of many voices.

Now she seems to dance before us
Leading her own thrilling chorus;
Sighing winds and whispering trees,
And the humming of the bees,
Answer to the lowing herds,
And the singing of the zephyr.

Where the tender grass is greenest,
And the blue sky looks sereneest,
All along the Southern wood,
Where the earliest flowers unfold,
Listen to the tinkling measure,
As the young brook sings for pleasure.

What a lovely panegyric
Grows in the fragrant lyric!
Swelling buds and blowing flowers,
Which salute the golden hours,
With a thought of rapture glowing
In its varied verse are flowing!

All the meadows now are ringing
With the black bird's joyous singing,
And along the orchard wall,
With a rapturous rise and fall,
Hark! the robin's tender wooing—
And after the wood-loves' cooing.

From the farm-yard now we hear
Clamorous voices; chattering
Pipes through his sonorous horn
That a latent child is born;
Which away in forest lonely
Sings the hermit wood thrush only.

By the wood and in the valley
Where the living breezes daily
With the young buds they unfold
From their vases of greenish gold,
Many a little leaf is peeping,
Many a tender rootlet creeping.

All things, whether high or lowly,
Swell the anthem pure and holy;
Bud and blossom, bird and breeze,
Stirring grass and waving trees,
Touched as by some loving angel,
Seem to sing a sweet evangel.

And in this fair season vernal,
From the transient to eternal
Bloom and freshness let us rise,
Nurture and Paradise,
In the Earth-home, while we gather
To the bosom of OUR FATHER.

THE NIGHT OF TRUTH.

BY RICHARDSON.

From out the little fountains
There swell a mighty tide,
Upon whose surface elastic back
The broods of commerce ride;
And on the winged trumpet
A little seed there flies,

Along routes that—those giant arms
Reach upward to the skies,
And so to the little, slighted Truth,
At length more mighty grows,
Shall fill the nations with its power,
And make the world its own.

There is a flower when, trampled on,
Doth still more richly bloom—
And even to its bitterest perfume
Gives forth its sweet perfume—
Thus the true seed of Truth, and sown
Doth on the breeze blown
Ever scent, that further goes
A finer for the cruel blow.

And so truth, crushed and trampled flower,
By injury stronger grows,
Shall win its very vines to love,
And make the world its own.

The wrong that higher lifts its head
Shall soonest lose its crown;
The error that seems mightiest
Shall quickest with its power,
And thus the first shall be the last—
The last shall be the first;
And that which all men praise'd of Truth,
Shall be all accused.

And so the little slighted Truth,
Shall the old wrong detest,
And divin' anoint error out,
Shall make the world its own.

Oh! Truth's fair flower is fain'd by sighs,
And nourish'd by the tears,
That on the dunghill's floor
Have nursed for weary years,
And from the cross and fiery stake,
The streams of blood that pour
Have scatter'd with its living seeds
To earth's remotest shore.

And thus the scorn'd and hated Truth,
By injury mightier grows,
Shall fill the nations with its power,
And make the world its own.

The head that once was bow'd to earth,
Up in the heavens now towers;
The martyr of a former day
Becomes the king of ours—
While he who nobly and scorn'd,
Shall in the glorious future shine—
A prophet crown'd with light:
For then the scorn'd and hated Truth,
At length more mighty grows,
Shall fill the nations with its power,
And make the world its own.

The fetters from fam'd Columbus
Indignantly are hurl'd,
And he is hail'd with loud acclaim,
Discoverer of a world!
And for his dungeon and his woes
Immortal fame attests,
And up among his kindred stars
Gleams his enduring name.

And thus the scorn'd and slighted Truth,
At length more mighty grows,
Doth move the nations by its power,
And make the world its own.

The man rejected and despis'd
Is worship'd and adored;
The felon, scour'd and crucified,
Becomes a glorious God!
And bright with gold that blood-stained Cross,
The emblem once of shame,
Rays'd high above all human signs
Exalts his blessed name.

And thus the Truth—the hated Truth,
Each day still grows more true,
Doth move the nations by its power,
And make the world its own.

LECTURE BY JUDGE EDMONDS, AT DODWORTH HALL.

SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 8TH.

The Judge commenced his lecture by stating that, as he had intimated on a former occasion, that his hope had been that he should be enabled to deliver a course of lectures upon Spiritualism, showing the results of his inquiries for four years past. He adverted to the introductory lecture which he had given a fortnight before, but to his sorrow he found he should be, owing to the state of his health, unable to complete the task he had imposed upon himself, and that his effort of this evening would be his last, as with great difficulty he had been able to be with them this evening.

In my opening lecture I spoke of Spiritualism. The revelation which had its commencement in the Rochester Knockings, and which was more important than the world was willing to credit—for it was another revelation from Heaven—and this conclusion we have arrived at, as also many others. My object is to invite investigation, that this truth may not be condemned unheard. Regarding it as a revelation, there are two remarkable characteristics which cannot be overlooked—the one, its rapid spread; the other, the admirable adaptation of the means which has affected this purpose. The history of the world shows no parallel to the rapidity with which it has spread. Seven years have scarcely passed, and yet its believers are not numbered by thousands or tens of thousands, but millions. What is it which has done this? Is it man's devices? Has it been consumed by a fraud or a juggler? Is it a nine days' wonder, soon to pass away? Some strange delusion taking possession of the weak and ignorant, and carrying them from their propriety? Day by day it spreads—it stays not at the level in which it had its origin, but has spread over the land, taking captive the rich and the wise as well as the poor and the weak. It seizes the infidel in his darkness, and awakens him to a knowledge of God. It has visited the churches; it goes amongst the vicious, and makes them bow to that they did not before appreciate. What is that speaking to man from the tomb? What is that resounding from the stilet dome? What is that makes the responses we hear all around us? Is it man's device—a delusion? Is it not the great Creator speaking again to his creatures? Inquire for yourselves; take not my word or any man's word. Go to nature which surrounds us. Go to the grass which we trample beneath our feet; look to the countless worlds rolling above us, and all say it is the voice of God speaking to his children. Even in your own hearts there is a voice ready to respond to the inquiry, and dare you, in the sight of that Power, say you will not hear?

The revelations of the time past, whether Christian or Pagan, whether the inquiry be directed to profane or sacred history, nowhere can we find any faith spreading with the celerity with which this has done. Although the miracles of Moses were performed in the face of a great nation, and although they were carried to such a length to save the living, was the progress such as we have witnessed in this? The nation in whose midst these wonders were wrought did not believe in them, and those for whose benefit they were wrought, did not believe, but had to wander forty years in the wilderness until a whole generation had passed away. Even in the days of Christ, those who witnessed his works, did not believe, and more than a hundred years past before the numbers of the Christians could at all compare with those who believe in spirit-intercourse. What has worked this marvel—not done by the wayside, not in a distant province, not by the sword or bayonet—there have been neither wars nor rumors of wars, nor attempts at violence. It has sprung up, as it were, as a mushroom in the night; it stands before you appalling in its strength, mighty in its origin. When we find the spread of this doctrine has been so marvellous, we should still ask to what are we to attribute it? The mere casual observer has little knowledge of the spread of Spiritualism, but those who were known as being identified with it are approached, and inquiries are made, and thus a judgment can be formed of the numbers of the seekers.

In Ohio, Spiritualism has broken out in the farming interest, and when lecturing there, I stated that in almost every house there was a medium. For this I was attacked by every paper, and one, the principal journal of the place, denied the fact, it was although known to its proprietor, who could tell his birth-right for a mess of pottage. When the statement came out in the paper, it was market-day, and many farmers formed a deputation, and came to me, offering a certificate of the fact. I did not deem it necessary, for I have never spoken for the purpose of making proselytes, or in such a manner as should induce another to believe merely because his neighbor did so. After speaking of his correspondence from all parts of the world upon the subject, the speaker continued—A gentleman, a day or two ago, visited me on his return from China, and who told me the book by Mr. Dexter and myself had reached that place, and much was the anxiety manifested to read it. Another volume soon afterwards came, and it was hoped that a greater opportunity would be afforded, but the hope was disappointed. The destiny of the book was Japan.

Spiritualism has wended on its even way despite the most intolerant opposition of the pulpit and the press. From the press we have never been enabled to obtain even-handed justice; its hostility has ever been conspicuous. In my visit to the West, no place I was about to visit but my advent was hailed with anthems from the pulpit. Meetings were also appointed on the nights on which I was to lecture, and every art used to keep the flock from listening to the truths to be propounded. The minister in one place visited his congregation individually, and despite this we had a full meeting, and then a false alarm of fire was got up, which carried off a number of our auditors. Where can we point to the mission which has done so much to evangelize the world as Spiritualism has done? Where is the rich society which has aided the work? Whence then has the power come? Our faith was planted by an Almighty hand, and we are basking in his sunshine.

Not the least of the marvels is the admirable adaptations of the means to the purpose in view. Hitherto the revelations made to the world have been made by one, two, or a dozen. Moses was alone. Christ for a time also, for not until his death was the faith propagated by the disciples. Swedenborg also worked alone, and thus it will be seen there has in this revelation been a marked difference to all that has gone before it. It has not been dependant on one, but has been spread broadcast over this highly favored land, nay, over the whole world—the North and the South, the East and the West, Asia, and even Africa, and the islands in the seas, all have heard of this and know of its truth. There is no dependence on one man, for its ministers or mediums are numbered by thousands, and the number is daily increasing.

In other times, some revelations have been confined to particular classes, but in this the high and the low, the bond and the free, are equally accessible. The instruments are chosen from all, and the manifestations presented in every form which can be devised. The power has been demonstrated to every sense, each has been enlisted. The revelation is to man by man, and a remarkable feature of it has been the natural capacity of the medium has not been exceeded; and the revelation, when particular, has been directed on a plane with the particular organism addressed. As the revelation is received through man, it must be that it is encumbered with difficulties, and which have been stumbling blocks to many. The inquiry repeatedly has been made—why were the physical manifestations sent? why was it not an appeal to the mind? It is said that tipping and rapping is not a dignified mode for spirits to communicate. The mental method has been tried. About one hundred years ago, a scientific mind was used for this purpose, and even his name, until the last six or seven years, was almost unknown. The revelations, great as they were, given through him, made but a trifling progress; and why was this so? Because it was an appeal to man's understanding! The allusion is to Swedenborg, through whom came some of the highest manifestations so interesting to man. It was necessary that these revelations should be accompanied by some manifestations which addressed the senses, and first and last, all have been addressed. The mind has been reached, and that truth which we have been ever inquiring for; man's immortality—this hitherto had appeared futile and vain to man—but now has the demonstration come to man's senses. We now have no longer to deal in abstracts and profundities of the mind, for the physical manifestations appeal directly to the senses. Hearing, touch, taste, smell, sight, all the senses, have been visited, and forced to bow to the mighty truth—that man lives after this life, and that his life does not cease but with eternity. The marvel is that it should come at this time to a matter of fact world, so steeped as it was in infidelity. That it has come in an age of inquiry and science, to me it was a marvel; and also, that now the evidences of the senses should be afforded, that the dear ones, who have gone before, yet live for us.

The evidence can be found at the fireside of each, or in any other place, in the office, the railroad car. Wherever men congregate, all of these manifestations bear witness that man's life is but the small beginning of man's future. In nothing have I my gratitude so deeply excited towards God as for this.

Those who desire that the mode of communication should be more grand, dignified, and respectable, but little know the human heart—a miracle never yet convinced and converted man. It may have excited his wonder and exercised his reasoning faculties, but there it ended. What greater miracle could have been given—more striking, touching, and feeling, which raised a whole nation into alarm—the cutting off all the first born of Egypt in one night. Yet we have not one record that one person through this manifestation was converted. Did the miracles of Christ convert the Jews? Thousands were fed with a few small loaves and fishes, yet we do not read that any were converted. How much more potent is the power now at work among us, when it is remembered the raps have done more to establish the faith than all the other manifestations put together. The wisdom, therefore, which directed the movement shows its thorough acquaintance with the human heart—the act was done wisely, and it was therefore necessarily successful. My principle purpose in making these remarks—I have been lead from my purpose—was to raise my voice in warning, fearing, it is possible, that by our enthusiasm we might be misled, for this revelation, coming through man, it must necessarily be imperfect. Man is not perfect; the spirits who afford the manifestations are not perfect; it were then the wildest folly to look for a perfect revelation. How could it be? The spirits from whom we receive them are as imperfect as ourselves. The health and physical condition of the medium has much to do with it, so also the moral condition of the circle, each has its effect; and so amongst many of us we see the grossest fanaticism, and this must be unless we draw our impulses from on High. It is difficult for the best regulated minds to escape being affected. We are then necessarily admonished, lest our feelings should run away with us. Some mediums are too wild, fanatical, and foolish, and by their folly cut short the communications; and this folly often converts communications, which were intended to be grave, into the sheerest nonsense.

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This is one amongst many such instances I could relate. It also frequently happens that many mediums through whom communications are given, color them to suit their particular views, and reject or accept them as they accord with their own theories; and so many communication are spoiled through the selfishness of the mediums and of the circles, and thus selfishness, nothing is more condemned—that selfishness which is so fastidious, still it has its residence with us. Many persons who go to the circles go there only from the desire of personal gratification, from curiosity; go as they would to a theatre, or other place of amusement. The inculcations of Spiritualism are to have charity to our fellow men, to contribute our means to support those who need support, and this is our profession, yet how far do we fail in our duty.

There is in this city one philanthropic institution peculiarly of Spiritual growth. I speak of the Ragged School in Sixth-venue, established by a young lady who came from the East. She has redeemed one hundred suffering children from the streets, and she has done this without one cent to begin with—without one cent to support herself, and these one hundred children—many of whom are dependent on her for the very bread they eat. And all this has been done by charitable aids.

Her box has hung in the entry of Hall, and in three months, from the crowds who have assembled here for their gratification, in the box has been put the vast sum of 103 cents. You have kept your pockets closed. I warn you keep not your hearts locked also. It is in vain to say we are Spiritualists, that we believe in its truth. We must manifest our belief in our acts. It is in vain for us to assemble here Sunday after Sunday, when day after day poverty and destitution marches on before you, and you raise not your hand to aid the distresses you see, to raise from degradation those who are so deeply plunged in it. Believe me, one prayer of the hand is worth a hundred sermons, and let this truth sink deep into your hearts, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Abstract of the Proceedings at the Conference at No. 555 Broadway, Tuesday Evening, April 3.

Mr. Miller: I avow myself an investigator and believer in Spiritualism. It was not a matter of difficulty for me to become a Spiritualist, for before I had seen the phenomena I was a Spiritualist in heart, and believed in all except that the Spirits of departed friends could communicate and identify themselves. On Palm Sunday I went to the Miracle Circle, and that which I saw and felt, and the words which I heard, were all that I needed to convince me. I was not a Spiritualist, but a trifle more; and why was this so? Because it was an appeal to man's understanding! The allusion is to Swedenborg, through whom came some of the highest manifestations so interesting to man. It was necessary that these revelations should be accompanied by some manifestations which addressed the senses, and first and last, all have been addressed. The mind has been reached, and that truth which we have been ever inquiring for; man's immortality—this hitherto had appeared futile and vain to man—but now has the demonstration come to man's senses. We now have no longer to deal in abstracts and profundities of the mind, for the physical manifestations appeal directly to the senses. Hearing, touch, taste, smell, sight, all the senses, have been visited, and forced to bow to the mighty truth—that man lives after this life, and that his life does not cease but with eternity. The marvel is that it should come at this time to a matter of fact world, so steeped as it was in infidelity. That it has come in an age of inquiry and science, to me it was a marvel; and also, that now the evidences of the senses should be afforded, that the dear ones, who have gone before, yet live for us.

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I was at a circle where the communications were by raps—a spirit came, and the medium, through her pride, did not desire he should communicate through her, because he spelled so badly—spelling rap, rap—(other examples were given.) One of the circle begged the spirit might be permitted to say that which it had to say; the medium unwillingly assented. The spirit then, in his imperfect manner, said he had come to thank her for the consolation she had afforded to a poor woman that morning. He said the woman bowed beneath the ills of life; had meditated self-destruction; that she had visited a druggist and procured the deadly poison; and on her way to her home, thought she would visit a medium and see what the spirits had to say. She came with the deadly poison in her pocket, and her deadlier intent in her mind. She received a communication, left the house, and threw away the deadly drug, for she had received consolation through the raps, and for the affording this consolation the spirit came to thank the medium. Yet the medium, in her vanity, would have dismissed this spirit, and had listened to his errand of love.

This is one amongst many such instances I could relate. It also frequently happens that many mediums through whom communications are given, color them to suit their particular views, and reject or accept them as they accord with their own theories; and so many communication are spoiled through the selfishness of the mediums and of the circles, and thus selfishness, nothing is more condemned—that selfishness which is so fastidious, still it has its residence with us. Many persons who go to the circles go there only from the desire of personal gratification, from curiosity; go as they would to a theatre, or other place of amusement. The inculcations of Spiritualism are to have charity to our fellow men, to contribute our means to support those who need support, and this is our profession, yet how far do we fail in our duty.

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There is in this city one philanthropic institution peculiarly of Spiritual growth. I speak of the Ragged School in Sixth-venue, established by a young lady who came from the East. She has redeemed one hundred suffering children from the streets, and she has done this without one cent to begin with—without one cent to support herself, and these one hundred children—many of whom are dependent on her for the very bread they eat. And all this has been done by charitable aids.

Her box has hung in the entry of Hall, and in three months, from the crowds who have assembled here for their gratification, in the box has been put the vast sum of 103 cents. You have kept your pockets closed. I warn you keep not your hearts locked also. It is in vain to say we are Spiritualists, that we believe in its truth. We must manifest our belief in our acts. It is in vain for us to assemble here Sunday after Sunday, when day after day poverty and destitution marches on before you, and you raise not your hand to aid the distresses you see, to raise from degradation those who are so deeply plunged in it. Believe me, one prayer of the hand is worth a hundred sermons, and let this truth sink deep into your hearts, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

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Years long have rolled since first creation's dawn
Burst o'er the earth, when lights soft being born
Show'd all the splendor of creative pow'r,
It liv'd, and breath'd in brightness, till the hour
When in daring thought aspir'd to be
Free in each act, and descended these
The black'ning shadows of the night then spread
Man then saw death and flow from death in dread,
But now again thy radiant light unroll'd,
Would gather man again to heaven's own fold,
Awake our hearts that we may hear the voice,
Whose silent promptings shall the soul rejoice,
Make us to know thy parent care is here,
And guarding angels in thy love are near,
Make us to feel our being is but thine,
And by thy lucres only can we shine,
Make us to realize within the soul
That thou art all, and all is thy control,
Then shall we worship by the reason's pow'r,
And less thee—God, that LIFE was giv'n our down'r
Without thine help, our effort—oh! how fail!
Without thine effulgence, but the sorrowing wail
Can echo from the heart, for light is not,
Man dies to man,—thy being is forgot,
The cloud upon the heart—what then is man
And his hought pow'r? Can he thy wisdom span?
Attune our ears, and then the Spirit song
Mingling in life; to life then shall then belong,
Then man enfranchised from the earthly stain
But passes then this vale of tears—for gain,
New York, March 29, 1855.

Oh lady! wipe thy weeping eyes

After repeating a very loud and shrill scream several times, the voice fell to a lower key, and in tone about as loud as ordinary conversation. Commenced speaking in a plain and distinct manner, assuring the family that we would not be injured, and requesting us to have no fear of any injury, as we were in no danger. Those manifestations being altogether unaccountable to myself and family, we searched the entire house, to find, if possible, the cause of this new and startling phenomena, but found no one in or about the premises until the family. Again we were startled by a repeat-

Do not misunderstand me. I was saying nothing about progressive Christianity—that is quite another thing. If there was half as much progressive Christianity as there is of such religion as I spoke of, I think it would grow and soon reform the world. The sun of righteousness would arise and shine apparently brighter, as it would gradually banish the darkness of theological error, and slavery and intemperance and all other evils from the land; and it will do it sure, sooner or later. I speak from my own experience and observations:

* By Edwin Paxton Hood, author of "Old England," "John Milton," and "Self-Education," &c. London: Partridge & Baker, Paternoster-row. 1842.

the letters written upon the soul, in the more early and simple day of its history ; but what the savage believes and bows before, the child of luxury and of vanity cannot entirely escape from. How many of the opinions, held by us as fixed opinions, which looked with scorn upon many of those held by our

* These paragraphs have been quoted second-hand from Mrs. Crowe. I have not by me Sir William Hamilton's edition of Reid's *Works*. To register the

Every dark intelligence
Secret soul and influence
Of all things which outward sense
Hears, or feels, or sees,—

These the Wizard's skill confessed,
At his bidding banned or blessed,
Stormful woe, or lull'd to rest,
Wind, and cloud, and fire, and flood ;
Bade the drift of bonny snow
Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,
Greenest leaves of Summer grow,
O'er Winter's wood !

Not unfare that tale of old

SLEEP.—A German Physiologist has made some instructive remarks on sleep, in connection with the position of the sun. He says that "the period of twenty-four hours, produced by the revolutions of the earth on its axis, marks its influence most definitely on the physical economy of man. Diseases show this regular influence, in their daily rise and fall. Settled regular fevers exhibit a twenty-four hour's flux and reflux. In the healthful state, the human organism is under the same regular influence, and the more habitual the meals, exercise, employment, and hours of sleep, the more powerful is there in the system to resist disease. In the morning the pulse is slower, and the nerves more calm, and the mind and the body better fitted for every description of labor. As we advance toward the evening of the day, the pulse quickens and becomes feverish. But the regular midnight rest and sleep, carried off this fever by healthful respiration. He thinks this evening fever is not entirely owing to the accession of new chyle to the system, but also to the departure of the sun and the light. The evening fever ought to take its place about midnight, when the sun is in its nadir, so that refreshing sleep might prepare the body for morning labor. Those therefore who neglect this crisis into the morning by keeping late hours, waste their strength and sow the seeds of disease which will spring up sooner or later. By a disregard of these facts and principles, nervous people wear themselves out in a comparatively short time. The early part of the night is wasted in wakeful excitement, the crisis is pushed forward toward the morning—the body enters upon the business of the following day unrefreshed—the nervous system is exhausted, and the general waste of strength, and a fretful mind is the index of the injury inflicted upon the whole man."

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